

Sick, the Fog-World

What did you say?
If that's you.

My duty is potions
now. They may help

but fail to bop
the vagueness. When

mists roll further in,
I'll drop off. How

many such remain? Till,
as in some films, an
Angel fumbled on in

vapor thigh-deep
aims a bright wing?

This way, kid
or that.